

SPAWN



Capullo
McFarlane



84

DIGITAL
EDITION

TODD McFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENT...

THE WAITING

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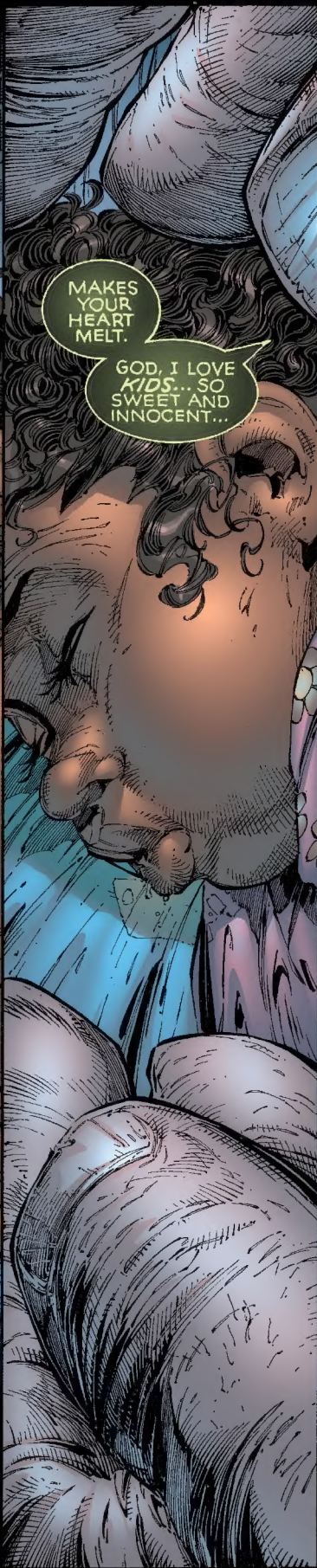
SPAWN 83 Summary

Spawn approaches Sam & Twitch again about discovering an effective way to stop Billy Kincaid from supplying Hell's army with souls. Meanwhile, a reassigned Jason Wynn hallucinates that he is as powerful, deadly, and ruthless as the legendary Genghis Khan. As he imagines himself "Jason the Conqueror," he opens fire on innocent people in a restaurant. Later, when he returns to reality, he finds himself dirty and disoriented in Spawn's alley where Bobby befriends him.



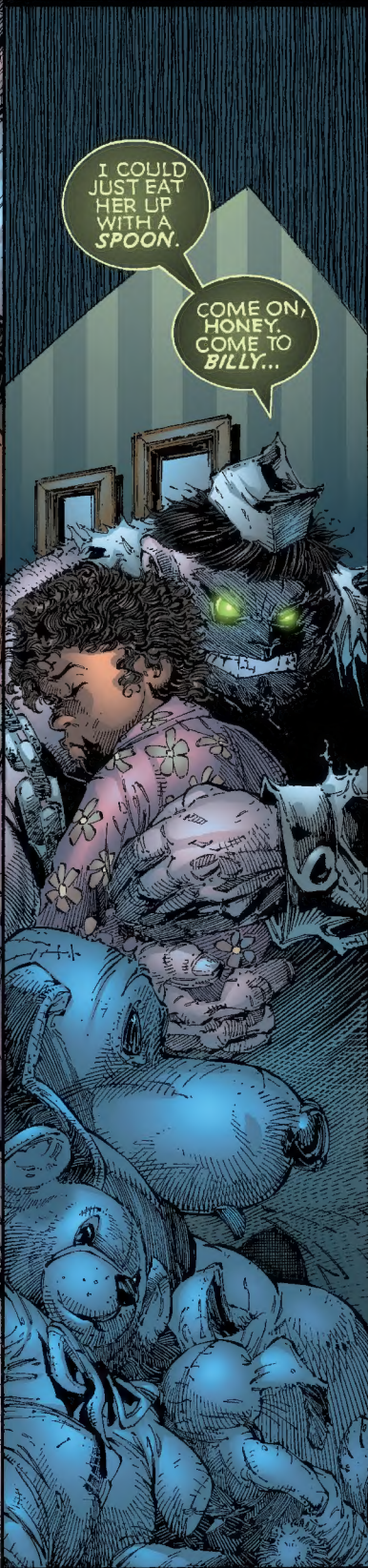
LOOK
AT HER...
WHAT A
PERFECT
LITTLE
ANGEL.

THEY'RE
SO *CUTE*
WHEN
THEY'RE
SLEEPING



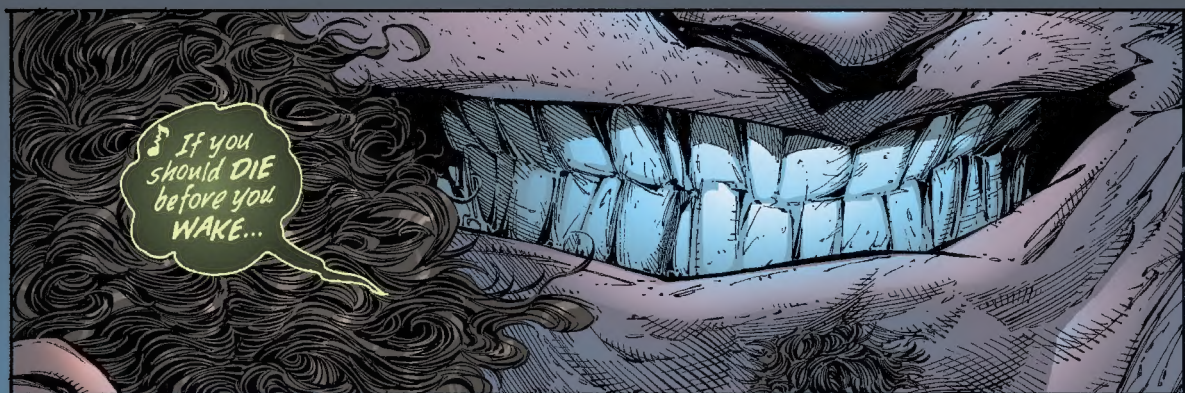
MAKES
YOUR
HEART
MELT.

GOD, I LOVE
KIDS... SO
SWEET AND
INNOCENT...

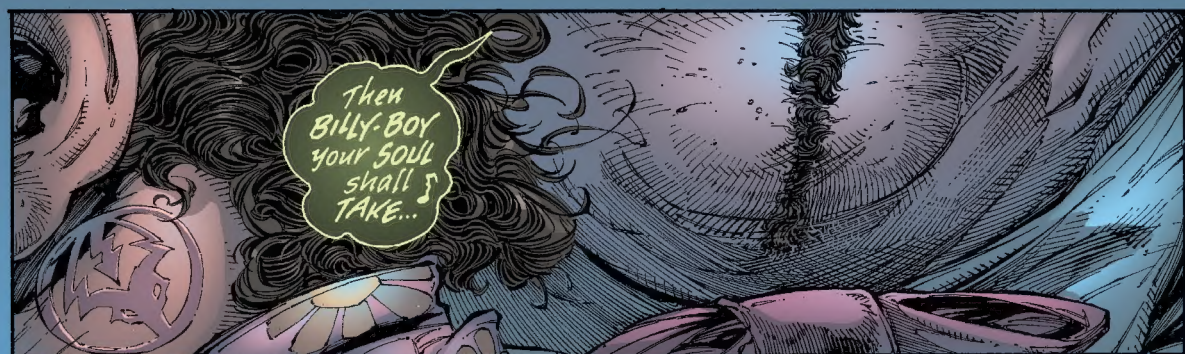


I COULD
JUST EAT
HER UP
WITH A
SPOON.

COME ON,
HONEY.
COME TO
BILLY...



♪ If you
should DIE
before you
WAKE...



Then
BILLY-BOY
your SOUL
shall ♪
TAKE...



COME ON,
CYAN. YOU'RE
ONE OF US
NOW.

WELCOME
TO THE
CLUB.



"I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MYSELF AS A LOGICAL MAN. THE ONLY TIME I EVER LET MY HEART RULE MY HEAD WAS WHEN I MET HELEN."

"SHE'S MY WORLD. MY WIFE. THE MOTHER OF MY CHILDREN. SHE'S PUT UP WITH MORE THAN ANYONE HAS A RIGHT TO ASK."

"AND SOMEHOW, I KEEP LETTING HER DOWN."

"BUT THIS IS A DANGEROUS WORLD WE LIVE IN. IT IS FILLED WITH EVIL AND CRUELTY AND VICE. I WANT TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER. FOR HER. FOR THE KIDS."

"BUT SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THAT. NOT TRULY. SHE'S TOO GOOD A PERSON TO BELIEVE ANY WORLD COULD BE AS WICKED AS I KNOW THIS ONE TO BE."

"SO I SNEAK OUT TO THE OFFICE AGAIN. SHE'LL WAKE UP IN A COUPLE OF HOURS AND SEE THAT I'M GONE. SHE WON'T SPEAK TO ME FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS."

"BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE. AND SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I TOLD HER."

"TRUTH BE TOLD, I SCARCELY BELIEVE IT MYSELF."

"I'M HUNTING THE GHOST OF A SERIAL MURDERER. A CHILD KILLER NAMED BILLY KINCAID."

"HE'S RETURNED FROM HELL, SWEARING VENGEANCE ON THOSE WHO WRONGED HIM IN LIFE. MY PARTNER SAM BURKE AND I ARE NEAR THE TOP OF THAT LIST."

"HIS M.O. IS TRULY INFERNAL."

"KINCAID IS POSSESSING INNOCENT PEOPLE, COERCING THEM TO PERFORM UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES, AND THEN SENTENCING THEIR POOR SOULS TO HELL."

"HE'S PLAYING CAT AND MOUSE WITH US. HE'S GONE AFTER MY FAMILY ONCE. I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN. I CAN'T."

"I NEVER BELIEVED
IN GHOSTS BEFORE.
NEVER BELIEVED IN
ANYTHING THAT
COULDN'T BE
MEASURED,
TESTED OR
ANALYZED.

"BUT I'VE
LEARNED THE
HARD WAY..."

"SOME THINGS
DEFY LOGICAL
EXPLANATION..."

HOW LONG
ARE YOU
PLANNING ON
STANDING
THERE,
SPAWN?

THE ALLEYS.



SOMETHING FOUL AND
MATTED SCURRIES
ACROSS JASON WYNN'S
FACE, WAKING HIM.



ADRENALINE KICKS IN.
HE BOLTS UPRIGHT. EYES
FOCUS IN THE DIM LIGHT
OF EARLY MORNING.
HIS MIND SHARPENS.



AND HE REMEMBERS. THE TRUTH HITS
HIM LIKE A TON OF BRICKS. SOMETHING
HAS GONE TERRIBLY WRONG IN HIS LIFE.



HEY, MAC!
HOW YA
FEELING, huh?
SLEEP IT OFF
OKAY?



I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
YOU WERE LAST
NIGHT, BUT IT
MUST HAVE
BEEN A
HELLUVA
PARTY.

Huh?

WANT
SOME
BREAK-
FAST?

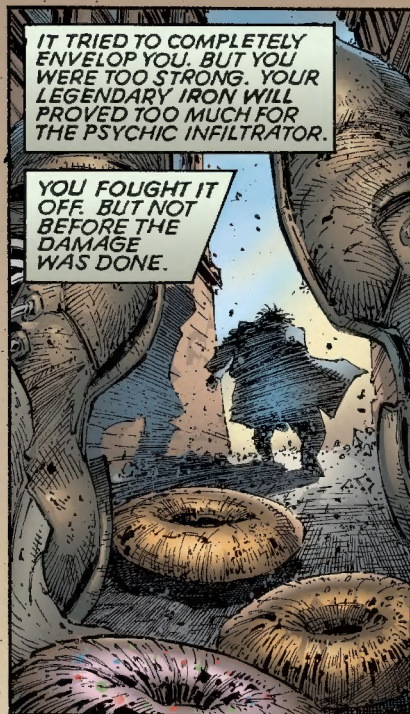


THE DONUT
JOINT UP THE
BLOCK TOSSES
THE OLD ONES
WHenever THEY
MAKE A NEW
BATCH. THEY'RE
NOT BAD.
TRY 'EM.



GET **AWAY** FROM ME, YOU **CRETIN!** WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE TO YOU?

IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO YOU NOW, ISN'T IT, JASON. SOMETHING SNAPPED INSIDE YOU, TOOK OVER YOUR MIND.



IT TRIED TO COMPLETELY ENVELOP YOU. BUT YOU WERE TOO STRONG. YOUR LEGENDARY IRON WILL PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE PSYCHIC INFILTRATOR.

YOU FOUGHT IT OFF. BUT NOT BEFORE THE DAMAGE WAS DONE.



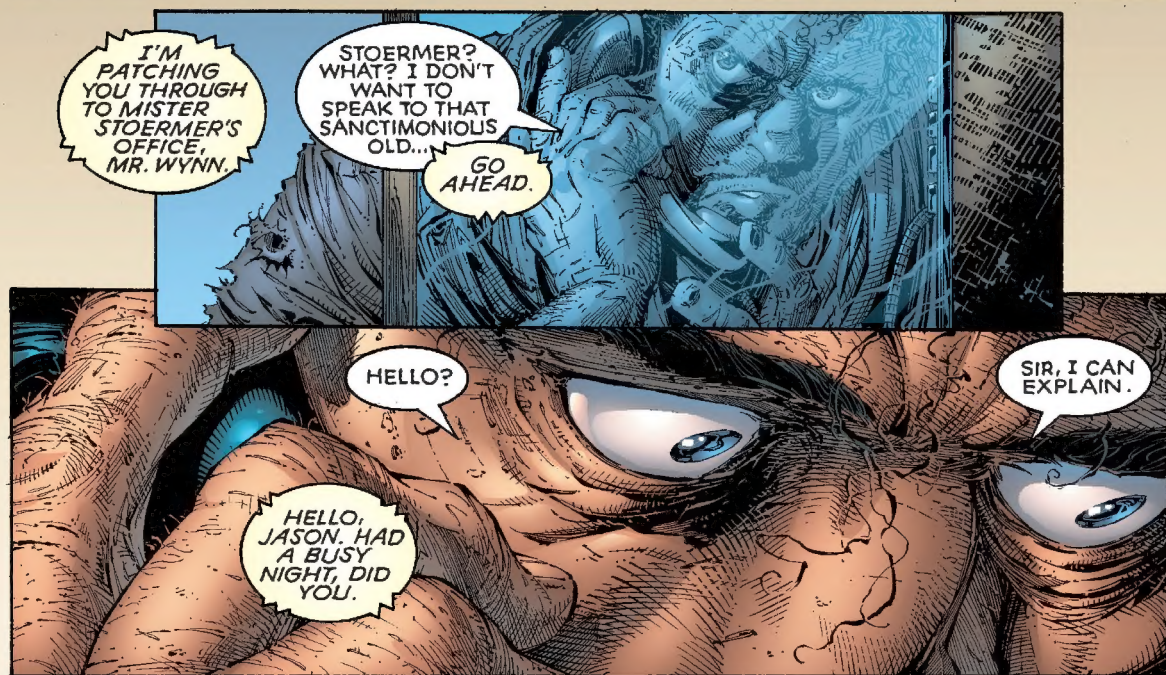
IT'S A BIT OF A BLUR, ISN'T IT? THERE WAS SCREAMING, YES. AND GUNFIRE. AND BLOOD. YES. OCEANS OF BLOOD.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING AT?



BLOOD THAT STILL CLINGS TO YOU, CRUSTED UP AGAINST YOUR CLOTHES, STAINING YOUR SKIN.

YEAH. THIS IS WYNN. CONNECT ME TO CENTRAL DISPATCH. I NEED A PICK UP. NO TIME TO EXPLAIN...



I'M PATCHING YOU THROUGH TO MISTER STOERMER'S OFFICE, MR. WYNN.

STOERMER? WHAT? I DON'T WANT TO SPEAK TO THAT SANCTIMONIOUS OLD...

GO AHEAD.

HELLO?

HELLO, JASON. HAD A BUSY NIGHT, DID YOU.

SIR, I CAN EXPLAIN.



OF COURSE YOU CAN. WE HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN YOU. BUT THE MAIN THING NOW IS TO GET YOU OFF THE STREETS. GIVE ME YOUR COORDINATES.

LOOK, IT'S... IT'S FINE. I OVER-REACTED. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I'LL MAKE MY OWN WAY BACK. I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER ANY--

PLEASE. IT'S NO BOTHER. JUST TELL US WHERE YOU ARE.

Uh... CONEY ISLAND.

HOW FESTIVE WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

BASTARD.



DID YOU GET THAT?

YEAH. I THINK SO GIMME A SECOND.



OKAY. THERE. I GOT HIM. ABOUT TWO BLOCKS NORTH OF THE BOWERY.

SPLENDID.

"THE ERSTWHILE Lt. Col. AL SIMMONS, a.k.a. *SPAWN*. FOR SOME REASON, OUR PATHS ARE INTERTWINED IN WAYS I CAN'T BEGIN TO COMPREHEND.

"HE SAVED MY LIFE NOT LONG AGO. BUT THERE'S A CONNECTION THAT RUNS EVEN DEEPER THAN THAT. COME WHAT MAY, WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER."

"...SO I TALKED IT OVER WITH COGLIOSTRO, AND THAT'S WHAT WE CAME UP WITH.

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH THIS?

DO I HAVE A CHOICE?

I DON'T KNOW. DO YOU? TO BE HONEST, I STILL DON'T FULLY UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT YOU *ARE*? ARE YOU FLESH AND BLOOD? SPIRIT? SOMETHING ELSE?

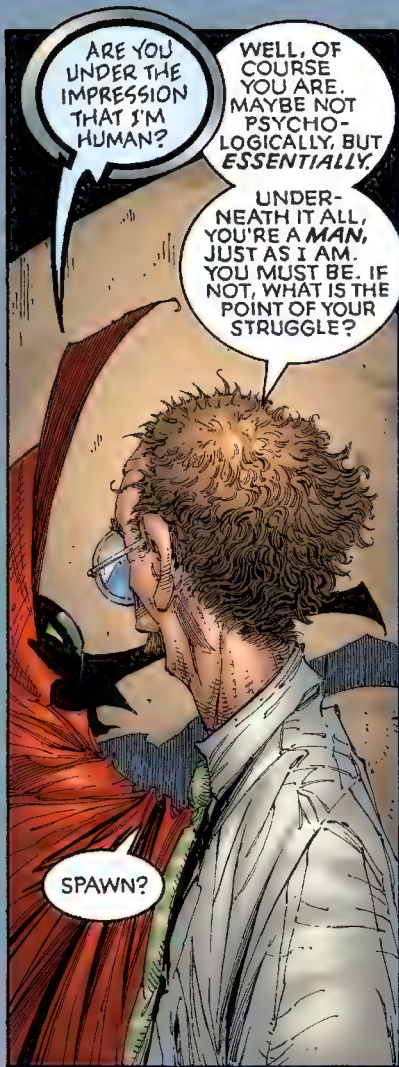
WHAT IS THIS, AN INTERVIEW?

NO, SIR. I'M JUST CURIOUS. DO YOU EAT? DO YOU SLEEP?

I DON'T THINK I NEED TO, BUT SOMETIMES I DO. OUT OF HABIT. LESS SO THESE DAYS.

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD START AGAIN. I'LL FREELY ADMIT THAT EXISTENTIAL PROTOCOLS ARE A BIT BEYOND MY EXPERTISE...

BUT IT'S ALWAYS STRUCK ME THAT IT'S THE *LITTLE THINGS* THAT MAKE US HUMAN.



ARE YOU UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT I'M HUMAN?

WELL, OF COURSE YOU ARE. MAYBE NOT PSYCHOLOGICALLY, BUT ESSENTIALLY.

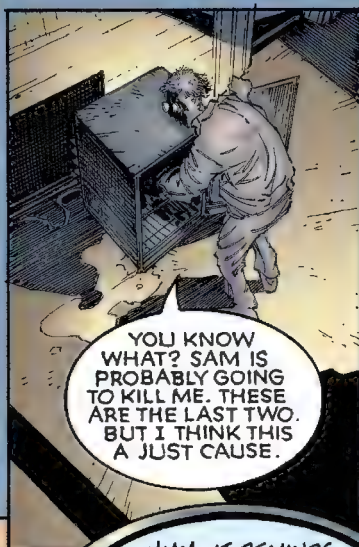
UNDER-NEATH IT ALL, YOU'RE A **MAN**, JUST AS I AM. YOU MUST BE. IF NOT, WHAT IS THE POINT OF YOUR STRUGGLE?

SPAWN?



SPAWN?

POINT TAKEN, TWITCH.



YOU KNOW WHAT? SAM IS PROBABLY GOING TO KILL ME. THESE ARE THE LAST TWO. BUT I THINK THIS A JUST CAUSE.

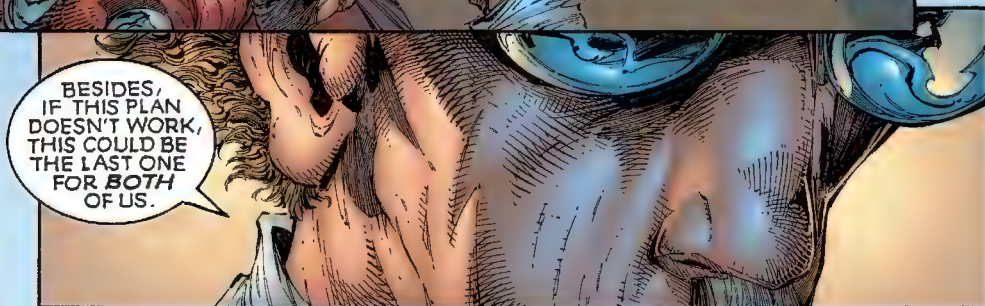


SO, TELL ME MR. SIMMONS. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU ENJOYED A SEMI-COLD BEER? WITH A FRIEND?

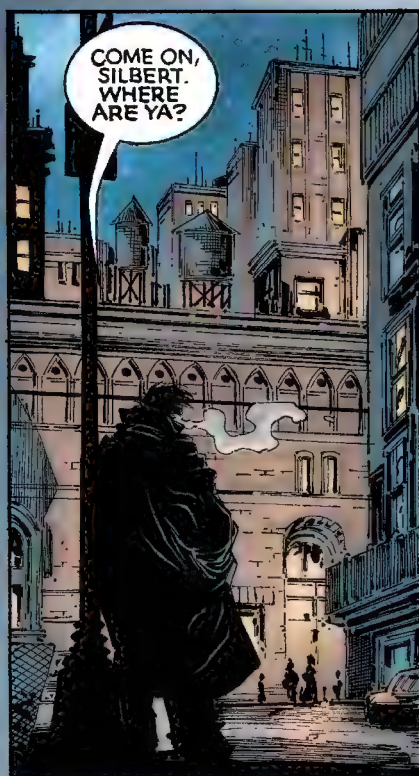


HMM. IT REMINDS ME OF BALLGAMES. AND FOURTH OF JULYS WITH WANDA. SALT AIR, SAND BETWEEN OUR TOES. I HAD FORGOTTEN SO MUCH...

LIKE I SAID, SPAWN. IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT IN THE END. ENJOY IT. I BELIEVE YOU DESERVE IT.



BESIDES, IF THIS PLAN DOESN'T WORK, THIS COULD BE THE LAST ONE FOR BOTH OF US.



COME ON,
SILBERT.
WHERE
ARE YA?



YO,
MISTER!
WANNA DEAL?
GEN-U-INE
ROLEX. FIVE
HUNNERD
BUCKS.

GET
OUTTA
HERE, KID.
I'M WAITING
FOR SOME-
ONE.



THREE
HUNNERD...
OKAY. TWO-
FIFTY...

LEMME
TAKE A
LOOK AT
THAT.



IT'S TICKING.

'COURSE
IT'S TICKING.
AIN'T BROKE.
FIRST CLASS.
I TOL' YA.

ROLEXES
DON'T
TICK. THEY
SWEEP.

Huh?

THE
SECOND
HAND ON A
ROLEX SWEEPS
IN A SMOOTH,
CONTINUOUS
MOTION. THIS
ONE TICKS. SEE--
TICK TICK TICK.
'S A FAKE.

SAYS
YOU. HOW
COME YOU
KNOW
THAT?



JUST
A LITTLE
SOMETHING
I PICKED
UP IN COP
SCHOOL.

TRY
AND
CATCH
ME FAT-
ASS!



KIDS.
keh keh.



HEYA,
SAMMY.

SILBERT.
THERE YOU
ARE. SO
WHAT'S UP?
WHY'D YOU
ASK TO
MEET?

I WANNA
KNOW
ABOUT THE
MARK.

YEAH?
MARK
WHO?

MARK
WHO? THE
MARK! THE
WEIRD
LITTLE SCAR
THINGIE.

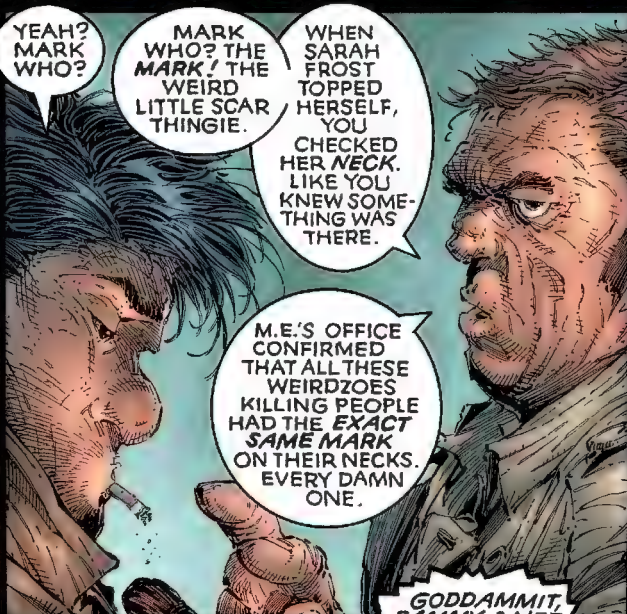
WHEN
SARAH
FROST
TOPPED
HERSELF,
YOU
CHECKED
HER **NECK**.
LIKE YOU
KNEW SOME-
THING WAS
THERE.

M.E.'S OFFICE
CONFIRMED
THAT ALL THESE
WEIRDZOEES
KILLING PEOPLE
HAD THE **EXACT
SAME MARK**.
ON THEIR NECKS.
EVERY DAMN
ONE.

**GODDAMMIT,
SAMMY,** I MET
YOU HERE ON
THE SLY OUTTA
RESPECT FOR YOU
BEING EX-P.D.
I WANNA GIVE
YOU A CHANCE
TO COME
CLEAN.

I WANNA
KNOW HOW
YOU KNEW TO
LOOK FOR IT.
WHAT DO WE
GOT HERE? SOME
FUNKED-UP NEW
RELIGION?

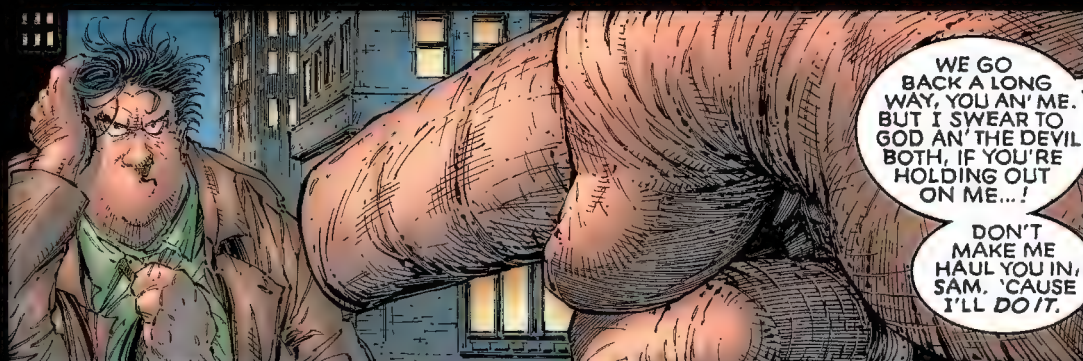
I
DON'T
KNOW.

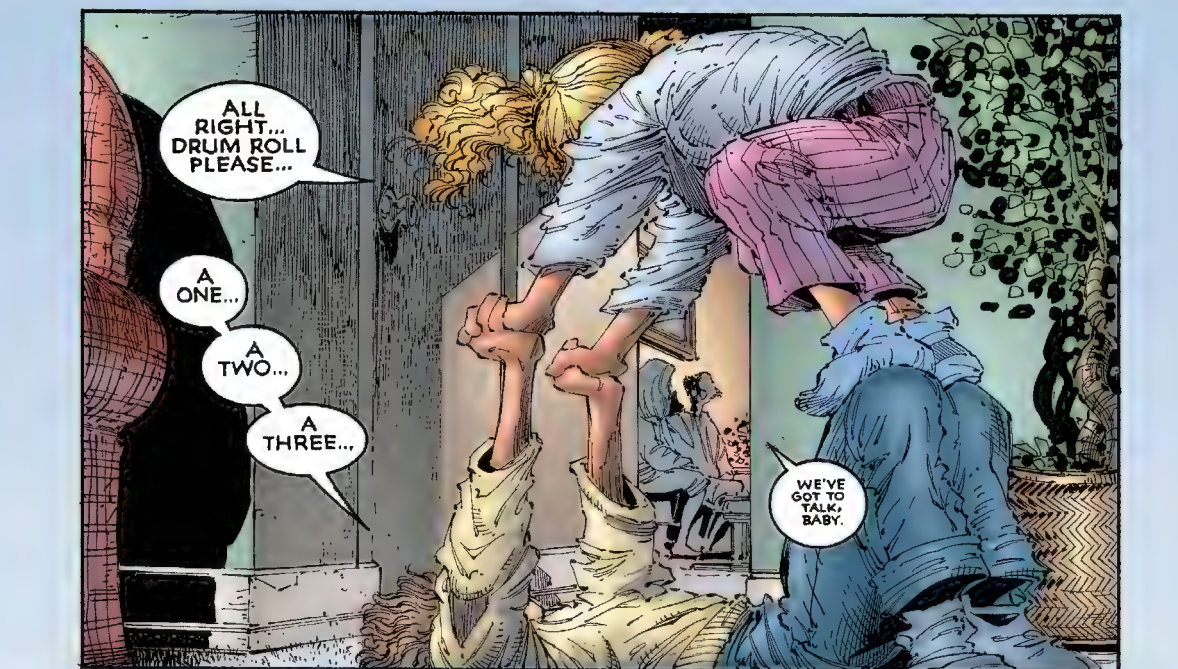


HEY!
EASE UP!
I DON'T **KNOW**
WHAT IT
MEANS.

WE GO
BACK A LONG
WAY, YOU AN' ME.
BUT I SWEAR TO
GOD AN' THE DEVIL
BOTH, IF YOU'RE
HOLDING OUT
ON ME...!

DON'T
MAKE ME
HAUL YOU IN,
SAM. 'CAUSE
I'LL DO IT.





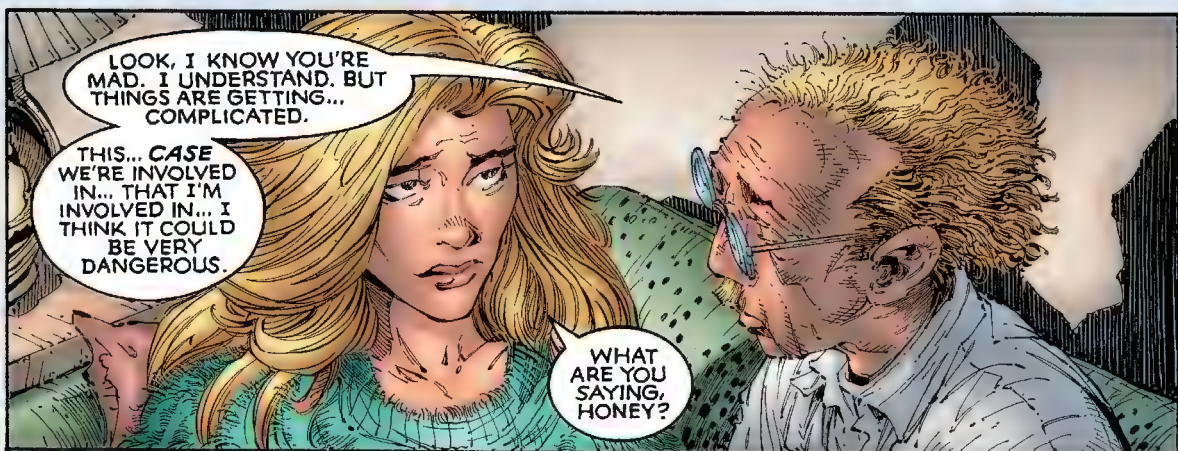
ALL
RIGHT...
DRUM ROLL
PLEASE...

A
ONE...

A
TWO...

A
THREE...

WE'VE
GOT TO
TALK,
BABY.



LOOK, I KNOW YOU'RE
MAD. I UNDERSTAND. BUT
THINGS ARE GETTING...
COMPLICATED.

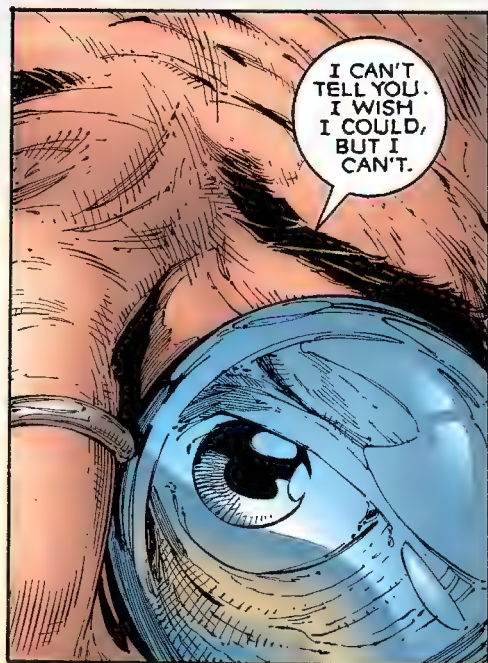
THIS... CASE
WE'RE INVOLVED
IN... THAT I'M
INVOLVED IN... I
THINK IT COULD
BE VERY
DANGEROUS.

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING,
HONEY?

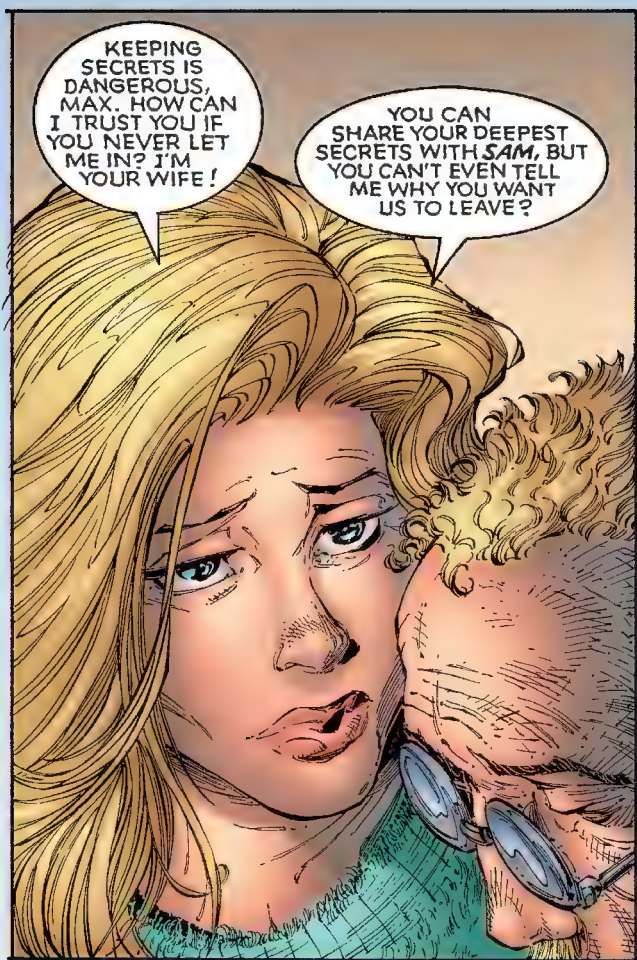


I WANT YOU TO GO
AWAY FOR A WHILE. JUST
A LITTLE WHILE. I NEED TO
KNOW THAT YOU'RE SAFE.
AND THAT THE KIDS
ARE SAFE.

WHAT IS IT?
WHAT IS SO
DANGEROUS THAT
YOU WOULD ASK
YOUR OWN WIFE
TO LEAVE?

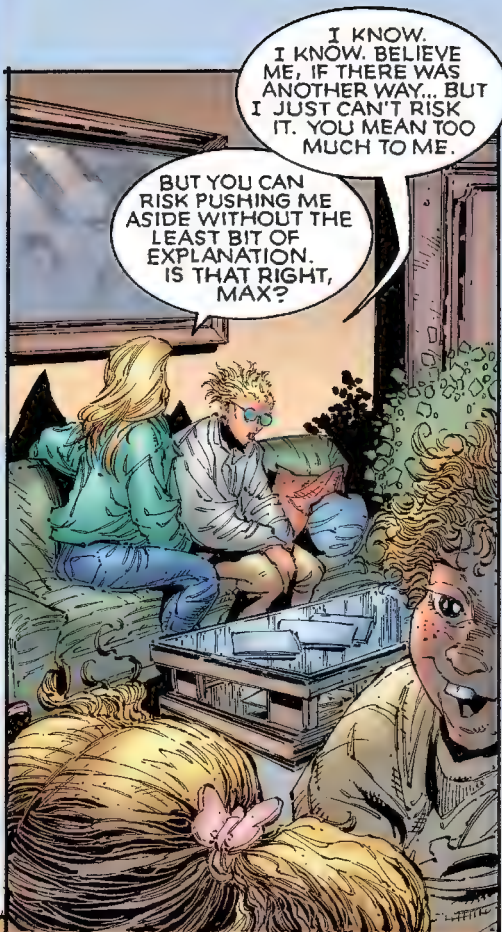


I CAN'T
TELL YOU.
I WISH
I COULD,
BUT I
CAN'T.



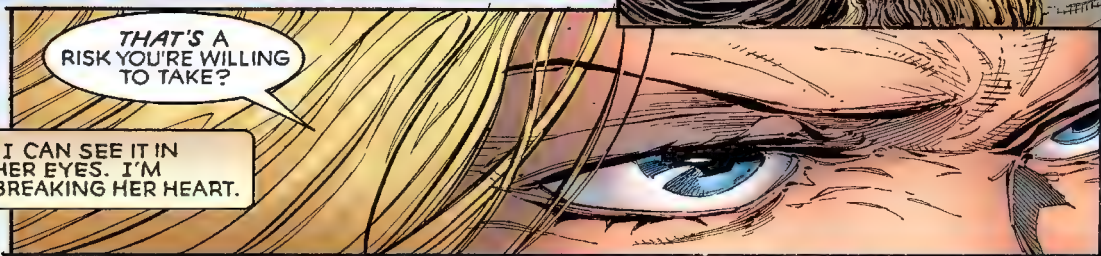
KEEPING SECRETS IS DANGEROUS, MAX. HOW CAN I TRUST YOU IF YOU NEVER LET ME IN? I'M YOUR WIFE!

YOU CAN SHARE YOUR DEEPEST SECRETS WITH SAM, BUT YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL ME WHY YOU WANT US TO LEAVE?



I KNOW. I KNOW. BELIEVE ME, IF THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY... BUT I JUST CAN'T RISK IT. YOU MEAN TOO MUCH TO ME.

BUT YOU CAN RISK PUSHING ME ASIDE WITHOUT THE LEAST BIT OF EXPLANATION. IS THAT RIGHT, MAX?



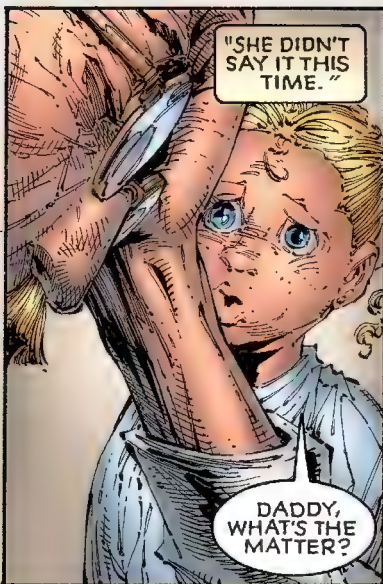
THAT'S A RISK YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE?

"I CAN SEE IT IN HER EYES. I'M BREAKING HER HEART."



FINE.

"WHENEVER WE FOUGHT BEFORE, WHENEVER THINGS DIDN'T GO HER WAY, HELEN WOULD SAY, 'THIS ISN'T OVER.' FIERCE AND DEFIANT."



"SHE DIDN'T SAY IT THIS TIME."

DADDY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?



DADDY?

The
FITZGERALD
HOME.

KRASH!

CYAN!
HONEY,
WHAT
WAS
THAT?

TMP!

CYAN?!

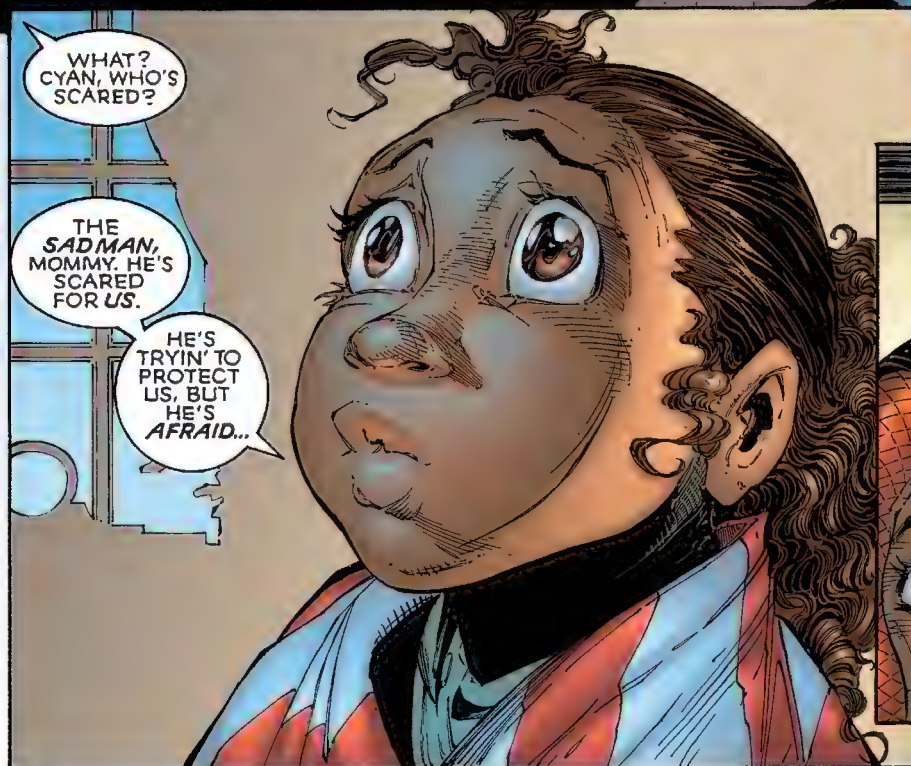
BABY,
ARE YOU
OKAY?



Oh, CYAN,
LOOK AT THIS
MESS. WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN
MY CLOSET?

OH, GOD.
WHERE DID
YOU FIND THAT
FLAG? PLEASE,
HONEY. THAT'S
VERY **SPECIAL**.
IT BELONGED
TO SOME-
ONE...

HE'S
SCARED,
MOMMY.



WHAT?
CYAN, WHO'S
SCARED?

THE
SAD MAN,
MOMMY. HE'S
SCARED
FOR US.

HE'S
TRYIN' TO
PROTECT
US, BUT
HE'S
AFRAID...



THE
SAD
MAN?

"I MET UP WITH SAM LATER THAT NIGHT. I CAN'T SAY WHY WE CHOSE THE **KEYSTONE**. FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE, I SUPPOSE.

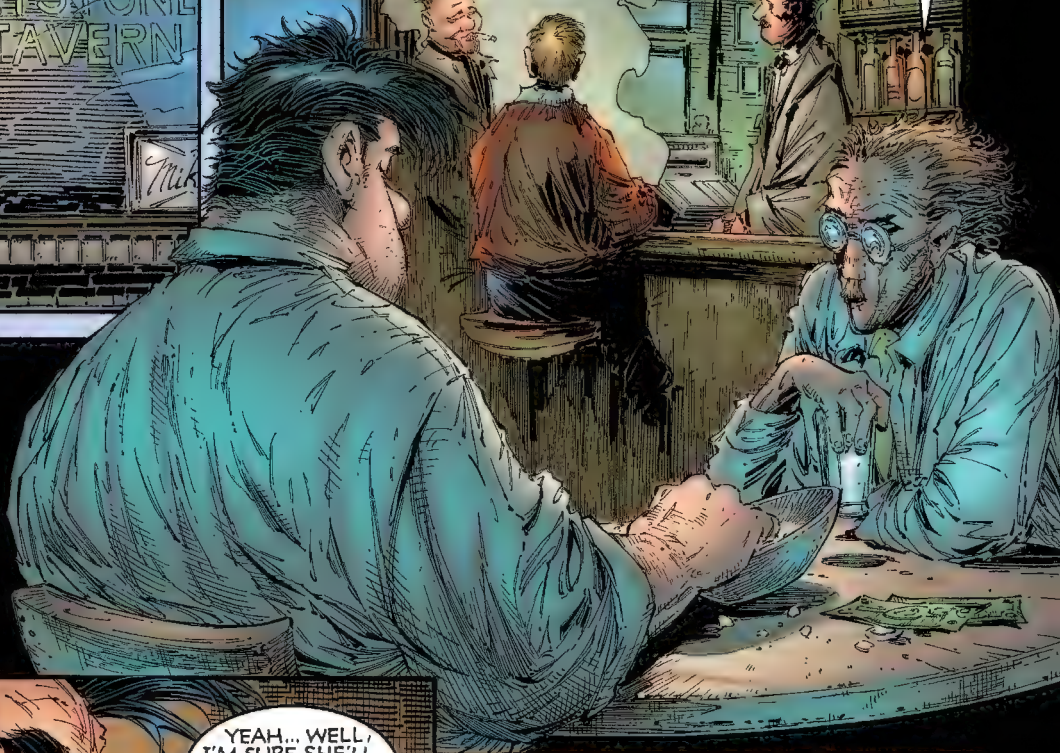
"THE KEYSTONE IS A **COP'S BAR**. WE USED TO SPEND A LOT OF TIME HERE IN THE OLD DAYS.

"THINGS WERE SIMPLER THEN. IT WAS EASY TO TELL THE GOOD GUYS FROM THE BAD. THINGS MADE SENSE.

SO WHAT HAPPENED WITH HELEN?

SHE'S ON A PLANE TO FLORIDA WITH THE KIDS. THEY'RE GOING TO STAY WITH HER MOM. SHE'S NOT TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT. I CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME HER.

I DON'T LIKE KEEPING THINGS FROM HER, BUT I REALLY DON'T SEE WHERE I HAD ANY CHOICE.



YEAH... WELL, I'M SURE SHE'LL GET OVER IT. SHE'S A GOOD WOMAN.

"THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO NOW, EXCEPT WAIT. WAIT FOR KINCAID TO MAKE HIS MOVE. AND PRAY THAT WE'RE ABLE TO PULL THIS OFF.

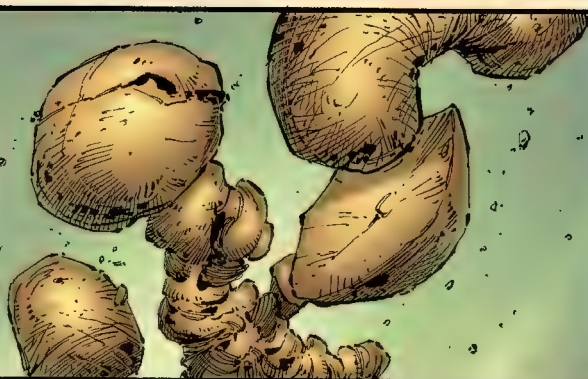
SOME-TIMES I THINK SHE'S BETTER THAN I DESERVE.

"AT TIMES LIKE THIS, I SUPPOSE NO ONE CAN BLAME US IF WE WAX A BIT NOSTALGIC."

... SO THIS
HOT DOG VENDOR,
HE SKIMPS ON THE
RELISH. YEAH, WELL,
I LIKE MY RELISH, SO
SUE ME. SO I SAYS,
"BUDDY, PUT SOME
GODDAMN RELISH
ON THAT DOG."

HE COPS
AN ATTITUDE
AND TELLS ME TO
BEAT IT. SO I PULL
OUT MY SHIELD,
TELL HIM I'M A COP.
SAY I'M PART OF
THE NEW "CONDIMENT
FRAUD"
DIVISION.

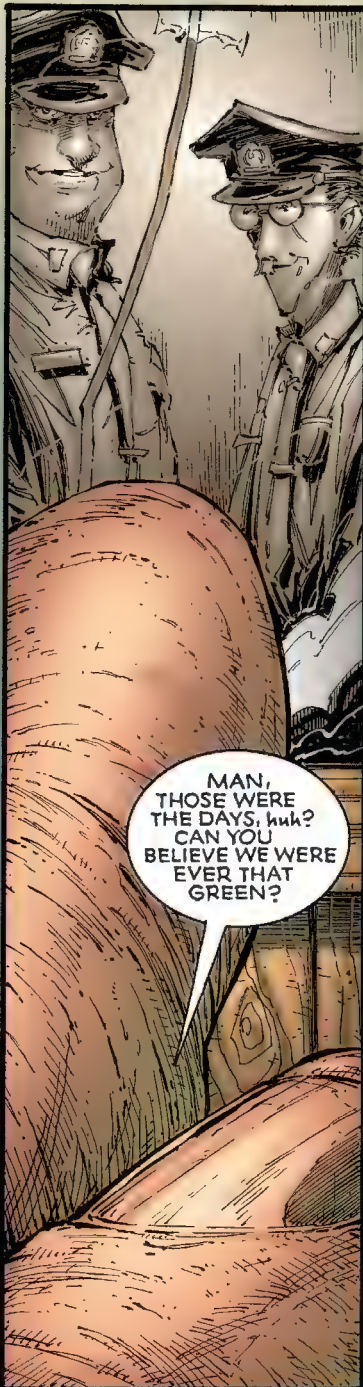
SO, THIS
CLOWN FREAKS
AND STARTS
RUNNING DOWN
THE STREET.



ALL OF A
SUDDEN, I'M
T.J. HOOKER.
CHASING HIM
THROUGH ALLEYS,
KNOCKING OVER
TRASH CANS...

I CATCH
UP WITH HIM'N
PAT HIM DOWN,
RIGHT? TURNS OUT
HE'S GOT A FRIGGIN'
PHARMACY UNDER HIS
COAT. HOT DOG
STAND'S JUST A
FRONT.

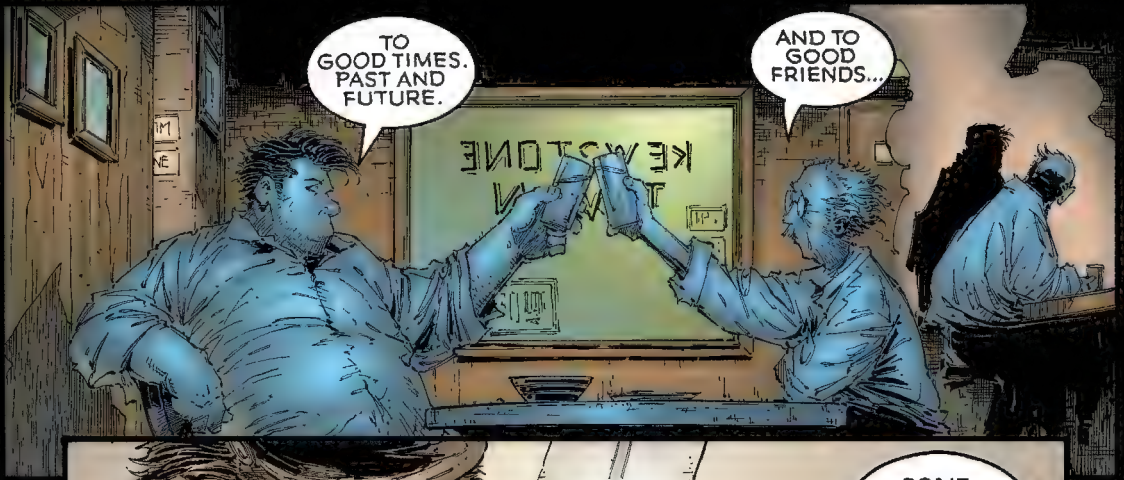
SO THIS
CLOWN ENDS UP
LOOKING AT 10 TO
15 MANDATORY, ALL
BECAUSE HE GOT
STINGY WITH A
LITTLE RELISH.
SOME FOLKS...



MAN,
THOSE WERE
THE DAYS, huh?
CAN YOU
BELIEVE WE WERE
EVER THAT
GREEN?

IT
SEEMS LIKE
A LIFETIME
AGO,
DOESN'T IT,
SIR?





TO
GOOD TIMES.
PAST AND
FUTURE.

AND TO
GOOD
FRIENDS...



YOU
EVER
MISS IT,
TWITCH? THE
FORCE, I
MEAN.

SOME-
TIMES. YEAH.
SOMETIMES
I GUESS
I DO.



YEAH.
ME,
TOO.

EXCUSE
ME,
GENTLE-
MEN.

YES,
SON.



I DON'T
MEAN TO
DISTURB YOU,
BUT I WAS
TOLD TO
DELIVER
THIS TO
YOU.

Oh.
THANK
YOU,
OFFICER.

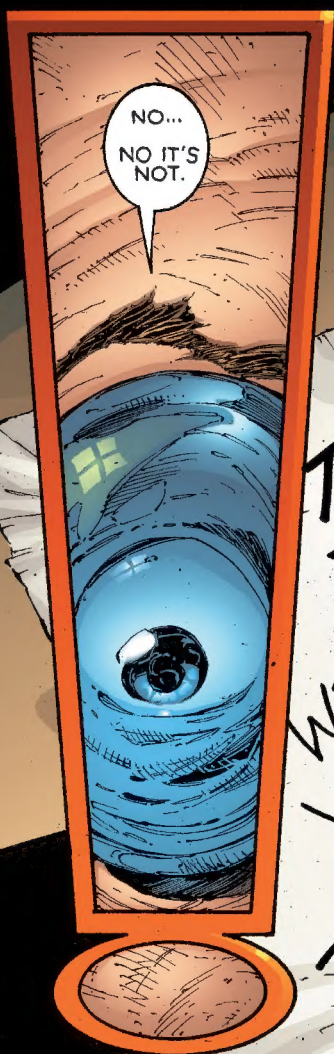


IT'S MY
PLEASURE. I'LL
GET OUT OF YOUR
WAY. YOU TWO
GENTLEMEN ENJOY
YOUR DRINKS, NOW.
AND HAVE A GOOD
EVENING.

YEAH.
YOU TOO,
PAL.



WHAT IS IT?
THAT LAB WORK WE
ASKED FOR?



NO...
NO IT'S
NOT.

SAM,
LOOK!

Things to do
Tomorrow

Wanda Terry Mrs. Twitch
~~Wanda~~ ~~Terry~~ ~~Elcyon~~ ~~Mrs. Twitch~~

Old Blind bitch Twitch Brats

~~Old Blind bitch~~ ~~Twitch Brats~~



IT'S
ALMOST
TIME, SPAWN.
ARE YOU
READY?



TO BE
CONTINUED...



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE